VVhy hunt I then for colour or excuſes?
All Orators are dumbe when Beautie pleadeth,
Poore wretches haue remorſe in poore abuſes,
Loue thriues not in the hart that ſhadows dreadeth,
Affection is my Captaine and he leadeth,
And when his gaudie banner is diſplaide,
The coward fights, and will not be diſmaide.

Then childiſh feare auaunt, debating die,
Reſpect and reaſon waite on wrinckled age:
My heart ſhall neuer countermand mine eie;
Sad pauſe, and deepe regard beſeemes the ſage,
My part is youth and beates theſe from the ſtage.
Deſire my Pilot is, Beautie my priſe,
Then who feares ſinking where ſuch treaſure lies?

As corne ore-growne by weedes: ſo heedfull feare
Is almoſt choakt by vnreſiſted luſt:
Away he ſteales with open liſtning eare,
Full of foule hope, and full of fond miſtruſt:
Both which as ſeruitors to the vniuſt,
So croſſe him with their oppoſit perſwaſion,
That now he vowes a league, and now inuaſion.

VVith-